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FROG

by Mike Gordon



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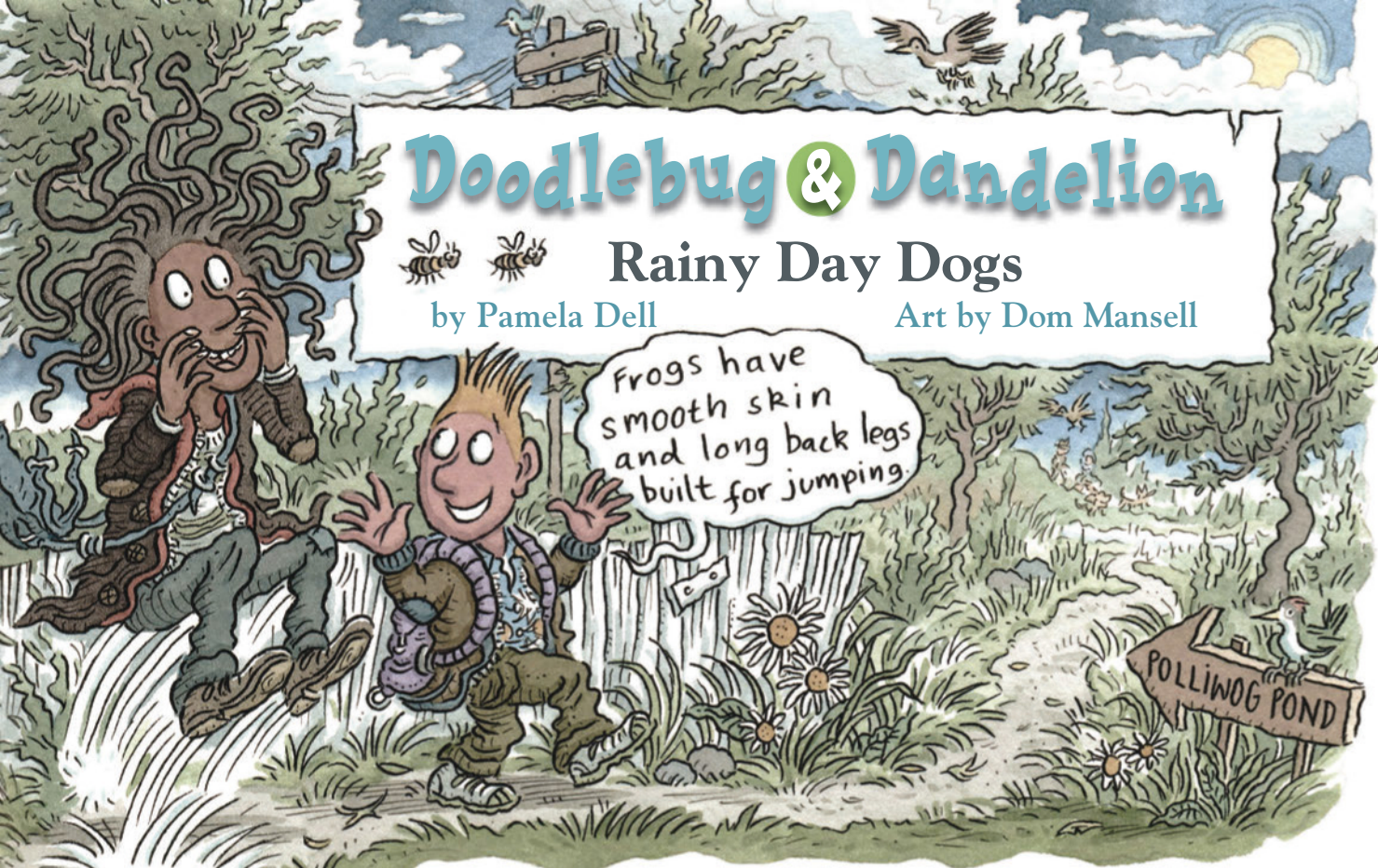
Doodlebug & Dandelion



Rainy Day Dogs

by Pamela Dell

Art by Dom Mansell



“BET YOU FORGOT the difference between frogs and toads,” Doodlebug Pinkley challenged his next-door neighbor and best buddy, Boggington Bogsworth the Third.

Doodlebug and Bog were walking along the path that led to Polliwog Pond near their houses. At the start of the school year, they had counted every frog they could find at the pond. Now they needed to do a recount to compare the numbers for their school science project.

“Remind me,” Bog replied. “Just so I don’t count a toad.”

“Frogs have smooth skin and long back legs built for jumping.”

“Like me!” Bog patted his smooth face and jumped straight up with a wide grin.

Gracious! Just what are you boys dressed up as?



Why, frogbugs, of course, going boldly in search of the mighty polliwog!



Which is just a scary word for tadpole.



"Toads have short stubby legs and rough, bumpy skin."

"Like you!" Bog chortled.

Doodlebug frowned. They had reached the edge of the pond. Behind them, a couple people were roaming a little hill and playing fetch with their dogs. Doodlebug stared hard into the deep grasses edging the pond.

"See any?" he asked.

"Only a little toad," Bog said.

Doodlebug's eyes widened.

"Where?"

Bog pointed at Doodlebug and began to laugh a little. "And it's got big bulging eyes."

"Ha-ha," Doodlebug said, his ears feeling suddenly hot. "If you don't quit it, a bullfrog might spit poison on you."

"Frogs don't spit poison, Dood. It's just in their skin," Bog replied. "So animals shouldn't eat them."

"I knew that—Bog-dog!" Doodlebug was still a little steamed, but it was time to get back to the science project.



¡Por que? Why are you searching for tadpoles?



Let me guess! You want to count them.



Or maybe join zem?





Gazing into the pond, Bog said, “But hey, what’s the deal? I don’t see a single frog.”

“FROGS!” Doodlebug shouted impulsively. “SHOW YOURSELVES!” He and Bog broke out laughing.

The dogs on the other side of the pond pricked up their ears. But a bunch of frogs also started to appear in the grass.

“Wow,” Bog said with a grin. “I think they heard you.” He began to count and then added, “Do that again, Dood. We’ll be done in no time!”

Now Doodlebug got fully into it, as if he really could command frogs.

He hollered, “COME OUT, FROGS, AND LINE UP IN ROWS!”

This totally cracked both boys up, and they bent over laughing. But when they straightened up, one thing was clear. The frogs were really piling up now—in jagged rows around the pond’s edge. All of them seemed to be staring at Doodlebug as if waiting for their next order.

“Unbelievable!” Bog boomed. “This is excellent!” He kept on counting.

“No, this is weird,” Doodlebug mumbled.

Curious about all the movement,

Wrong! We want to challenge them to an underwater swim meet.



Actually, I just want to count them for science.



Well, I hope you’re not doing this impulsively — suddenly without thinking.



the dogs came closer, sniffing madly. One of them stopped, its eyes on a big bullfrog as if ready to chow down.

Doodlebug began to sweat. He didn't want to see any frogs end up a dog's dangerous dinner.

Overhead the sky had begun to grow darker. Thunder rumbled.

"Count, Doodlebug, count!" Bog yelled. "There are heaps more than last time. It's probably because you—"

Before Bog could get another word out, the dark clouds opened. A cold rain blasted down full force,

drenching everyone and everything.

"Hey, Toad!" one owner called to her dog.

"Come, Little Frog, quick!" called the other to his.

Neither dog paid any attention when they heard their names. The lively amphibians were too much to resist. Their noses twitched. Their tails whipped the air. They scrambled after every frog they set eyes on.

"Stop, dogs!" Bog cried, running toward them soaked and trying to shoo them away from the pond.



Mais oui! Zee scuba diving can be dangerous. Cousin Jacques tells me.



Si. De verdad. You must be trained and have the right gear.



Remember, guys, you are not amphibians — frogs, toads, salamanders, and other scaleless cold-blooded animals with backbones that live both on land and in water.





But they completely ignored him. He had almost finished his count, and they were ruining everything.

Doodlebug, just as water swamped as Bog, gritted his teeth. Most of the frogs were still staring at him adoringly. He wanted this experiment over and done with. The rain and the dogs and the staring frogs. Doodlebug was miserable!

In his loudest, most booming voice, he shouted, “BE GONE, FROGS! RID YOURSELVES FROM HERE—OR ELSE!”

For a moment, everything seemed to go still—except the thunderous rain. The frogs froze. The drenched

dogs stopped, dazed. Their owners, wet to the bone, halted. Even soggy Bog and Doodlebug didn’t move.

Then the frogs, one by one, plopped into the water or high-hopped away into the long grasses and weedy wetness.

Hunched over and dripping wet, Doodlebug and Bog burst out laughing.

“You’re a total frog commando, Dood!” Bog cheered. “The count’s at sixty-six!”

“Wow. Twenty-seven more than last time!” Doodlebug calculated. “And that’s a really good thing, ’cause I’m not doing this ever again.” 🌟

You do understand that you’ll need to bring enough air to breathe?



Aw, don’t get your feelers all bent out of shape.



I have everything calculated — figured out using math.



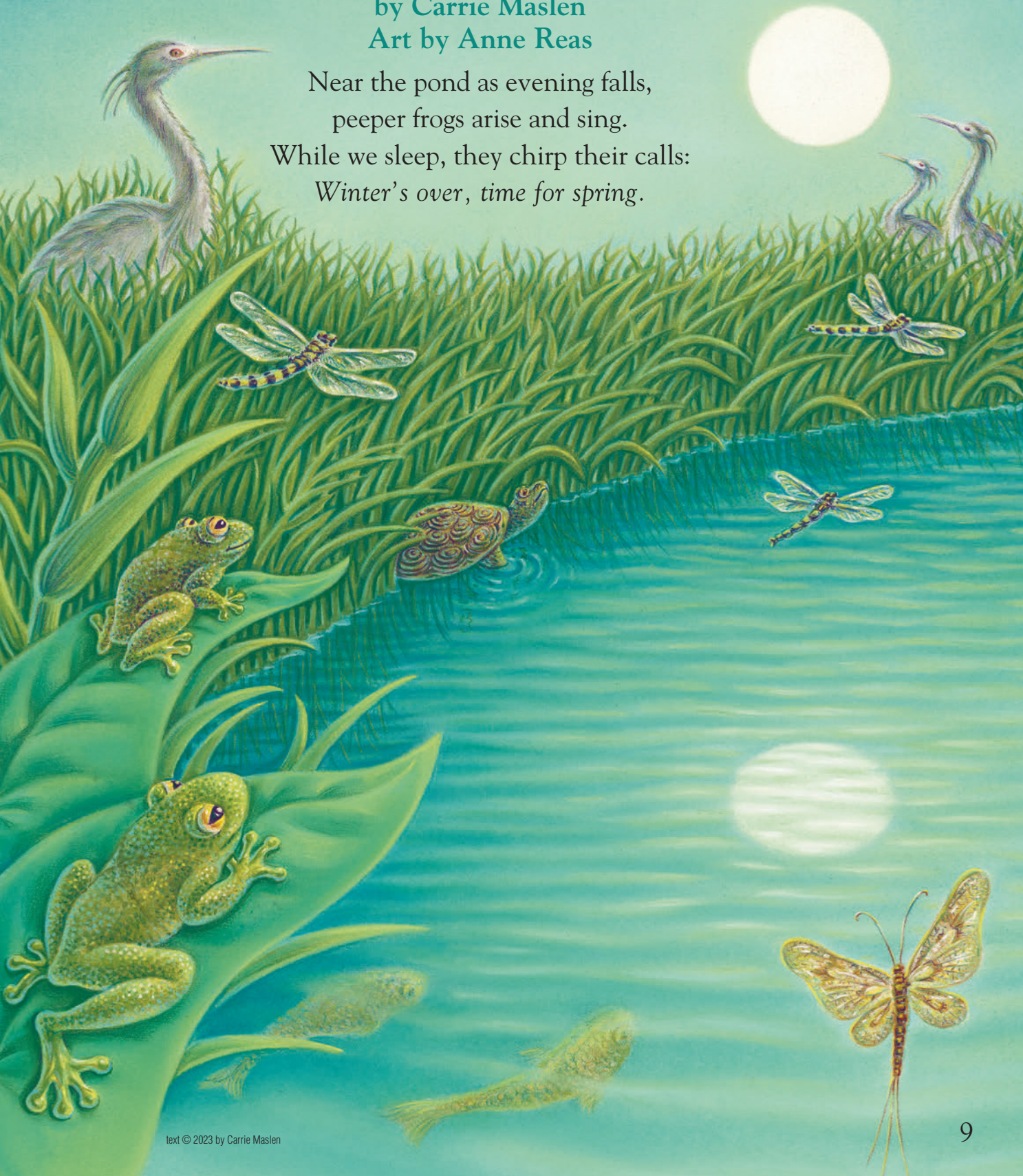
Math eez good.



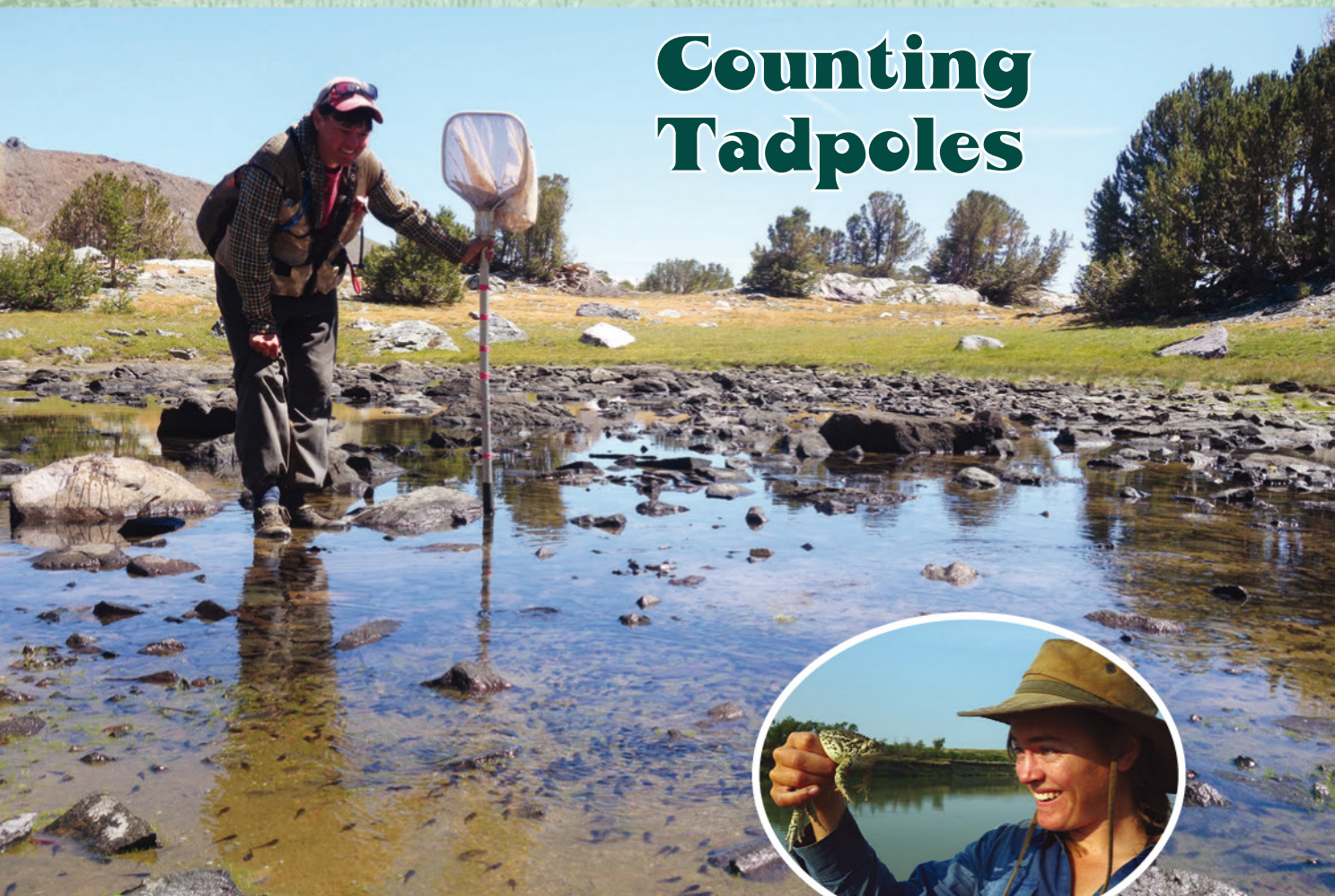
Tiny Peepers

by Carrie Maslen
Art by Anne Reas

Near the pond as evening falls,
peeper frogs arise and sing.
While we sleep, they chirp their calls:
Winter's over, time for spring.



Counting Tadpoles



An Unusual Job

At the start of her eight-day hike, Sara Dykman packs everything she needs to live and work in the Sierra Nevada mountains in California. Sara is a biologist who works for the United States Forest Service. Her job is to count all the tadpoles and adult amphibians she sees. Pollution, climate change, and habitat destruction affect all creatures, but amphibians—like frogs and toads—often feel the impact earlier than other animals.



But it's April...
The pond will be
so cold!



You're going
to freeeeze,
Spidie!



Nah. That's why we're
wearing these wet suits.



by Chrissa J. Pedersen

text © 2023 by Chrissa J. Pedersen

Wilderness Warnings

Most amphibians breathe through gills or lungs. But what makes them unusual is that they can also breathe through their skin. Permeable skin is useful for taking in oxygen and water. But if there are pollutants or other harmful chemicals in the air or water, those also pass through the amphibians' skin and into their bodies. Sick, dying, or fewer tadpoles may be a sign that there's something wrong in the environment. Seeing lots of amphibians may mean the environment is healthy. Animals, plants, and other living organisms that give us clues about the health of the environment are called indicator species. The ideal organisms to study are plentiful and easy to count, like tadpoles.



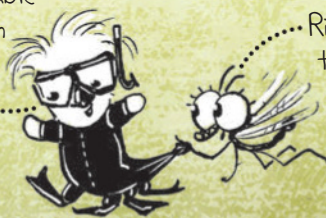
Tadpole Tally

Scientists rely on Sara's reports of the numbers and kinds of tadpoles to know how well a population is doing. So it's important she gets an accurate count. Sara searches for tadpoles basking in the shallows of lakes, ponds, and puddles. Sometimes she only sees a few. But when



This fabric is permeable — capable of passing liquid or gas through openings in its surface.

Wet suits?

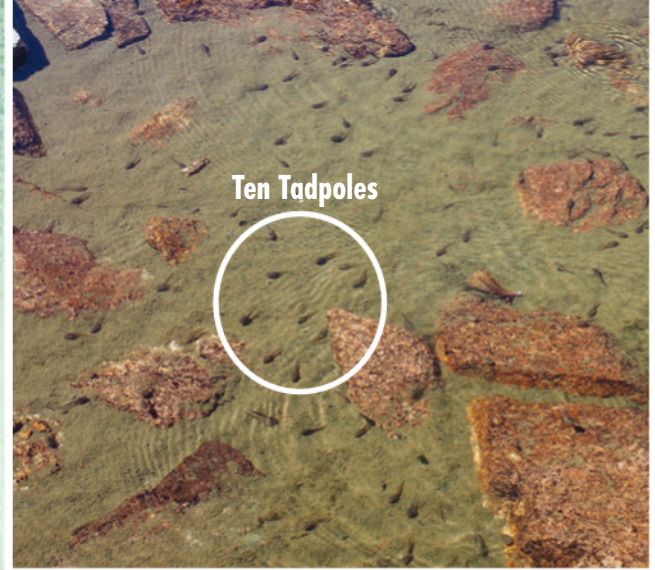


Right. Then the water next to your skin warms up and keeps you warm, too.

All zee great French scuba divers know ziss.



she is really lucky, she might find thousands! To count thousands, Sara eyeballs the group to see how much space ten tadpoles take up. Then she counts by tens to estimate the total. There are three species of amphibians that Sara searches for: the mountain yellow-legged frog, the Pacific treefrog, and the Yosemite toad. The mountain yellow-legged frog takes about three years to metamorphose from egg to tadpole to adult. They live in larger bodies of water that don't dry up in the summer. The Pacific treefrog and the Yosemite toad both metamorphose in one season. They can be found in shallow ponds, wetlands, or temporary pools of water.



I am so excited to see the tadpoles as they metamorphose — change form.



They should have grown their legs by now.



Well, they still won't beat me in a race. Not with these awesome flippers.





Froggy Checkup

Besides counting tadpoles, Sara is also helping to track the spread of chytrid, a fungus that has been hurting amphibians across the world. She rubs a cotton swab on her subject's skin to check for the fungus. She stores the

swabs separately in vials and brings them back to the lab to be tested. To prevent spreading the fungus herself, Sara uses a fungicide on her shoes and survey equipment to kill any fungus before she moves from one location to the next.

Tadpole ID

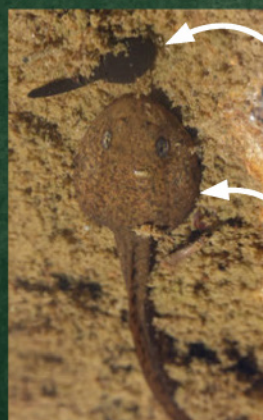
To do her job, Sara must be able to identify the three species. But they look a lot different when they are babies than when they are adults! Can you match the types of tadpoles to the frogs or toads they will become?



1.



mountain yellow-legged frog



2.



Pacific treefrog



3.



Yosemite toad

Sara's Helpful Hints:

- A.** The mountain yellow-legged frog tadpole has a flat body and is golden speckled.
- B.** The Pacific treefrog tadpole has a balloon-shaped body and eyes set far apart.
- C.** The Yosemite toad tadpole is tiny and velvety black.

Answers on page 35

AHHHH!!! Another monster!



Field Tool Goals

To carry all her survey equipment on her long hike, Sara wears a fisherman's vest with lots of pockets and a backpack. Can you match each of Sara's tools with its use?

Sara's Tools

1. map



2. net



3. camera



4. ruler



7. collection vial



6. cotton swab



5. smartphone



Sara uses this tool to:

- A.** gently scoop up tadpoles and adult frogs and toads to study them closer
- B.** record her data such as the location, date, weather, and number of amphibians
- C.** rub on a frog or toad to collect skin samples
- D.** visually document amphibians without removing them from their habitat
- E.** find ponds, lakes, and wetlands in her study area
- F.** protect skin samples
- G.** track amphibian growth

Answers on page 35

Moving up the Mountain

Frogs and toads need unfrozen water to lay their eggs. In the Sierra, spring comes to lower elevations first. So Sara begins her work in June finding tadpoles at an elevation of about 5,000 feet. Over the summer, Sara follows the melting ice and snow up to an elevation of about 11,000 feet. That's a long way to carry her food, clothes, tent, and survey equipment! Sara goes up

Land sakes!
What is this?



Mumma mum mu mu.



It's Bill. He's going diving with us.



and down the mountain many times each season to replenish her food and drop off her collection vials. She loves her work because she knows that amphibians and the planet need her help. By comparing all the data that Sara and her coworkers collect, scientists can tell if the overall number of these indicator species are trending up or down each year. This information is used to create an environmental health report card for the mountain.

Create Your Own Environmental Health Report Card

This spring, find a pond or a ditch that contains water. Peer among the grasses, reeds, or cattails. Count the tadpoles with your eyes, not your fingers. (Remember how sensitive their skin is and how important they are to the environment!) Write down how many you see, the location, the date, the weather, the types of plants that are around, and the size of the body of water. Save this information. Next year, go back and do it again. Then compare your data—just like Sara! 🕷️



And with this air hose, he won't need to replenish — fill up again — like Spider and I will.



C'est vrai. True. But Bill cannot move around easily like you guys!



Hmm ... I wonder which way dive gear sales are trending — moving in a general direction.



Metamorphosis

by Christy Mihaly
Art by Kyle Reed

TOMMY TADPOLE CAN hardly wait to be finished with his metamorphosis. He wants to be a frog on a log instead of a tadpole in a pond. Can you help him change his gills into lungs?

Start with the word **GILL**, then change one letter in **GILL** to make a new word. Continue down the list of hints and change one letter each time until you can make the word **LUNG**.

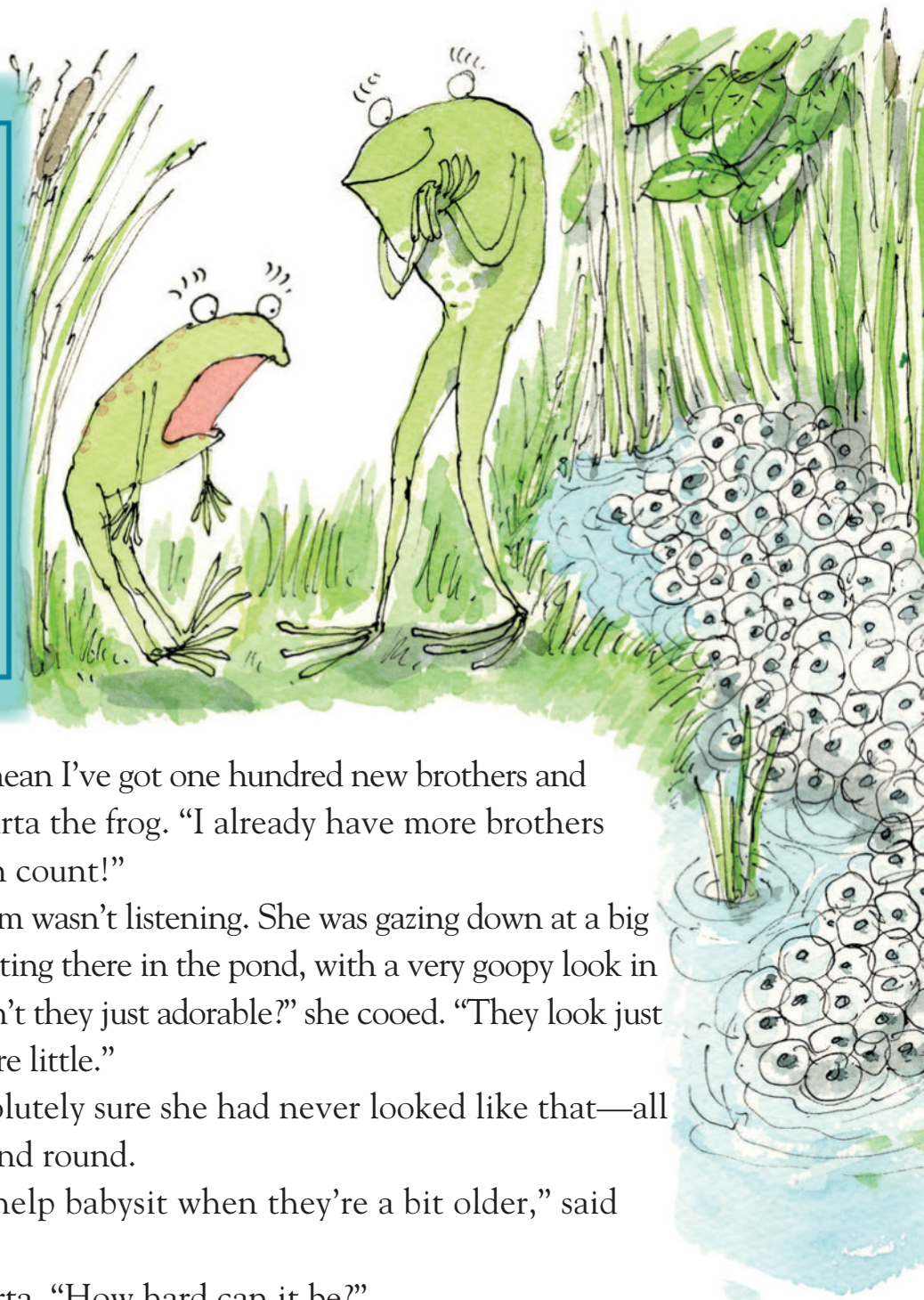
1. **G I L L** Tommy Tadpole uses G I L Ls to breathe as he swims underwater.
2. **F _ _ _** After six weeks in the pond, Tommy has eaten his _ _ _ _ of algae.
3. **_ _ _ E** Tommy spies some frogs hopping single _ _ _ _ up the hill.
4. **_ _ N _** Today is a _ _ _ _ day to hop on dry land!
5. **L _ _ _** The other tadpoles already have their legs, but not Tommy. It looks like he's the last one in _ _ _ _ !
6. **_ O _ _** Tommy's legs are growing, but he's the _ _ _ _ tadpole in the pond.
7. **_ _ _ G** Tommy grew legs, and now he's losing his tail. It won't be _ _ _ _ until he joins the other frogs.
8. **L U N G** At last! It feels good to breathe fresh air into his new L U N Gs. "Call me Tommy Frog!" says Tommy, and off he hops.

Answers on page 35

Ribburta and the Run-Ragged Babysitting Adventure



by Joan Lennon
Art by
Rupert van Wyk



“WHAT DO YOU mean I’ve got one hundred new brothers and sisters?!” cried Ribburta the frog. “I already have more brothers and sisters than I can count!”

But Ribburta’s mum wasn’t listening. She was gazing down at a big ball of frogspawn, floating there in the pond, with a very goopy look in her googly eyes. “Aren’t they just adorable?” she cooed. “They look just like you when you were little.”

Ribburta was absolutely sure she had never looked like that—all wibbly and wobbly and round.

“I’ll need you to help babysit when they’re a bit older,” said Ribburta’s mum.

“OK,” said Ribburta. “How hard can it be?”

The one hundred new brothers and sisters stopped being just round blobs very soon and became more like one hundred little fish with tiny squeaky voices.

Three weeks ago, I observed a big glob of
frogspawn — large group of frog eggs covered
in protective jelly — here in the pond.





"Tadpoles are so sweet," cooed Ribburta's mum.

"Do you want me to babysit yet?" asked Ribburta.

"When they have legs," said Ribburta's mum.

Then one day, they did. Every last one of them had new green legs.

"Ribburta, it's time for you to babysit!" exclaimed Ribburta's mum.

"Sure," said Ribburta. "How hard can it be?" Then she found out.

"RIBBURTA!" squawked the mother ducks. "Tell your brothers and sisters to stop nibbling on our ducklings' feet!"

"RIBBURTA!" groaned Old Man Turtle. "Tell your brothers and sisters to stop spoiling my nap in the sun with their squeaky songs!"

"RIBBURTA!" splashed the beavers. "Tell your brothers and sisters to stay away from the dam or they'll be swept downstream!"

One hundred brothers and sisters in trouble all over the pond—that was how hard it could be! But finally, Ribburta managed to get them all together in a shallow bit of the water. "What is the matter with you?" she scolded them. "Why are you causing all this trouble?"

We're almost there.

Good thing, too. It ain't easy walking in flippers.

Maybe eez why zee tadpoles don't get zer legs tout de suite, right away.

A chorus of tiny squeaky voices cried:

“Because we’re bored!”

“Bored!”

“Play with us, Ribburta! Play with us!”

Ribburta sighed. “All right. What do you want to play?”

“Hide-and-seek!”

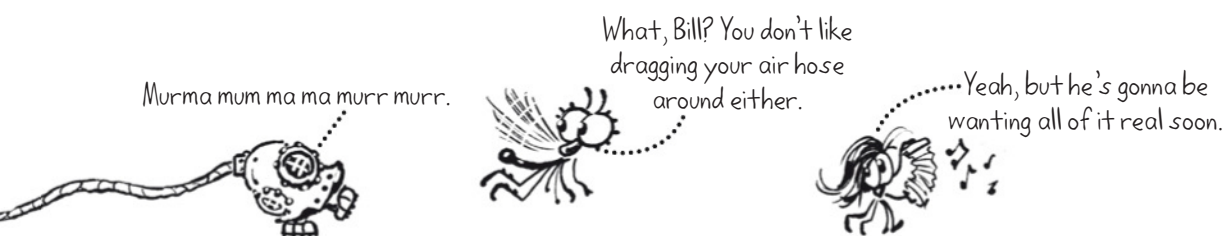
“NO!” cried Ribburta, but she was too late. Every last one of the little frogs had scattered!

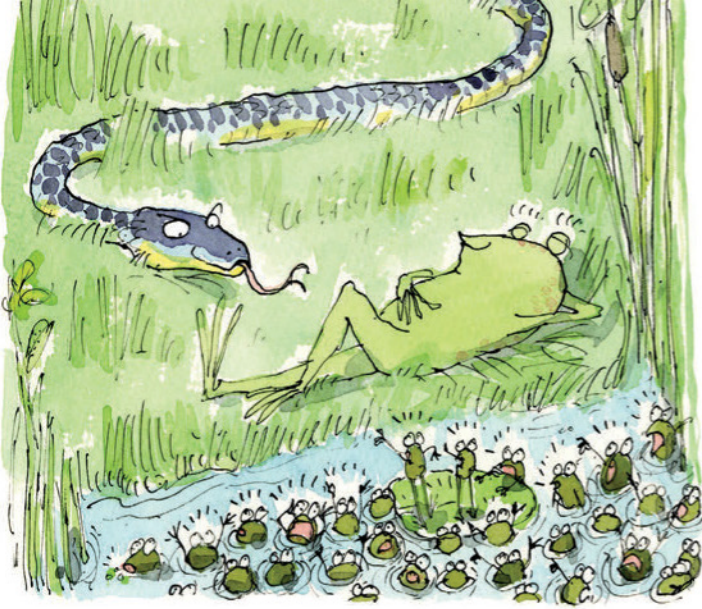
There were little frogs hiding in the pondweed. There were little frogs hiding under the lily pads. There were little frogs hiding amongst the pebbles. There were little frogs hiding in every nook and cranny of the entire pond. It took Ribburta FOREVER to find them all, and by the time she’d done that, she was completely, utterly, totally run ragged.

“I’m going to have a rest now,” she said sternly as she lay down in the grass beside the pond. “And I want you all to be good. I don’t want to hear one peep out of any of you—do you understand? NOT ONE PEEP!”

“Yes, Ribburta,” said the little frogs in the water, but she didn’t hear. She was already fast asleep.

Were they good? Were they quiet? They were, until . . . they spotted something dangerous slithering toward their babysitter sister, something with supper on his mind. It was a frog-eating snake!





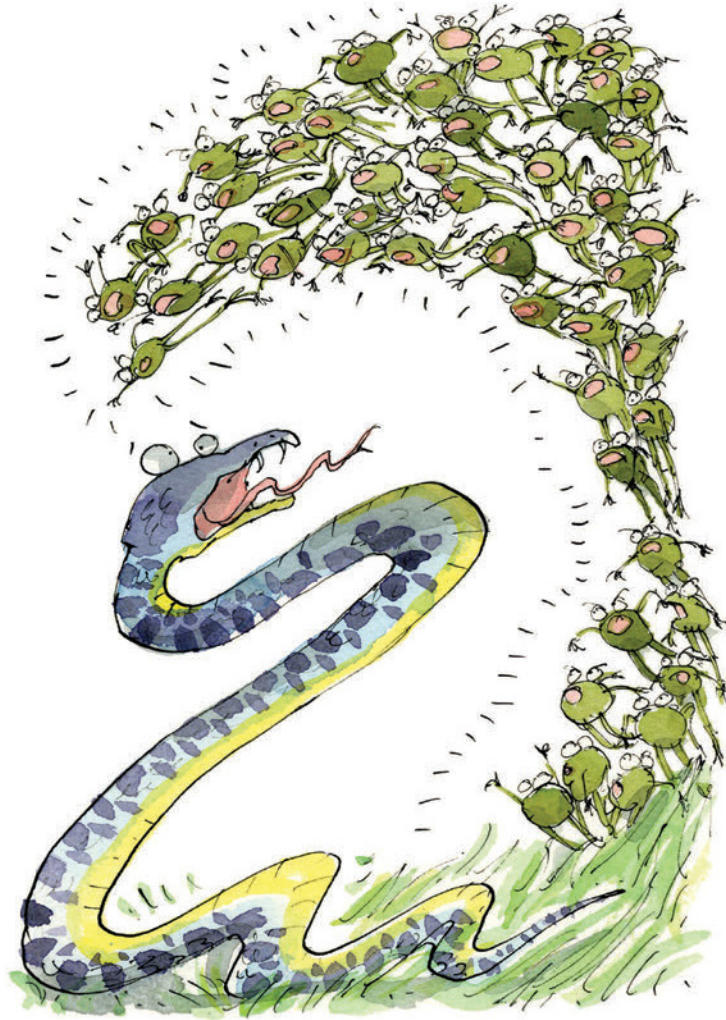
“Ribburta! Ribburta! Wake up, Ribburta!” all the little frogs cried out in their squeaky voices. But Ribburta kept sleeping soundly. The snake slithered closer.

“Ribburta—watch out! Wake up, Ribburta—WAKE UP!” Ribburta didn’t stir. The snake slithered even closer. There was only one thing left to do. Ribburta’s one hundred brothers and sisters took one deep breath and all yelled together, “CHARGE!”

The snake had never seen anything like it! Ribburta’s one hundred brothers and sisters used their new green legs to jump out of the pond and all over him. They came at that snake from right and left.

Everywhere he looked, there were tiny green frogs popping up and hopping away, under his nose and over his tail and here and there and up and down.

Not having any ears, the snake wasn’t troubled by all the squeaking. But he did have eyes, and they kept crossing wildly—he couldn’t focus



Bill! What’s wrong with your ‘ose?



Oh, pickles! His hose must have gotten snagged on something.



on any one frog at a time, and he was starting to get a headache. “SSSSSTOP HHHHHHOPPING!” he hissed, but one hundred excited little frogs just hopped faster. The snake was feeling dizzy—instead of spots in front of his eyes, he had frogs!

I’m not hungry anymore, thought the snake. I’m getting out of here!

Just then Ribburta woke up. She yawned a big wide yawn and opened her eyes—just in time to see the snake slithering away as fast as his belly would take him.

She leapt to her feet in a panic. But a chorus of tiny squeaky voices called out:

“Don’t worry, Ribburta!”

“We scared the snake away!”

“We saved you!”

Ribburta looked down at her brothers and sisters in amazement.

“You saved me? But . . . I was supposed to be looking after you!”

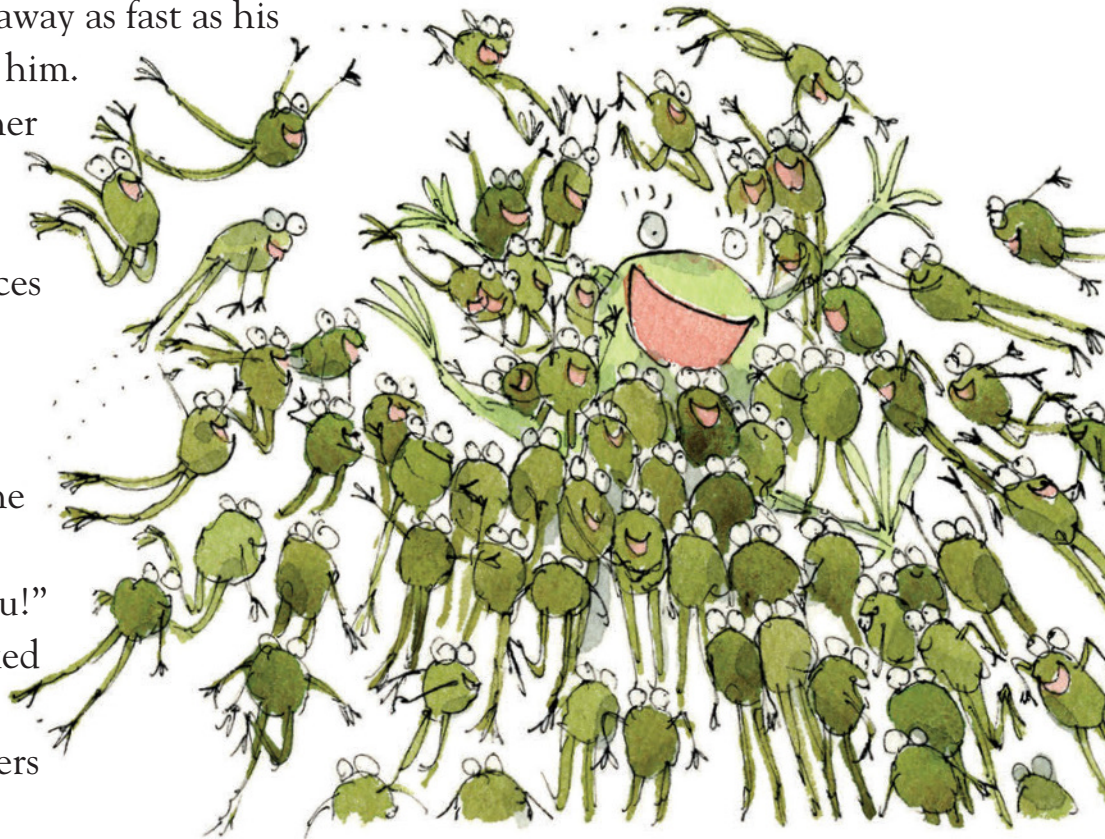
“You already looked after us, Ribburta. This time it was our turn!”

“It was fun!”

“Yeah, we babysat the babysitter!”

“You know what else would be fun? To SIT on the babysitter!”

So they did. Ribburta’s run-ragged day ended with one hundred—and one!—happy green frogs in a great big giggly, wiggly pile. ★



He’ll just have to deal with that ridiculous hose himself. My air tank weighs a ton!



Get the dive boat ready, Araña. I’ll fly back to help.



Claro. OK.

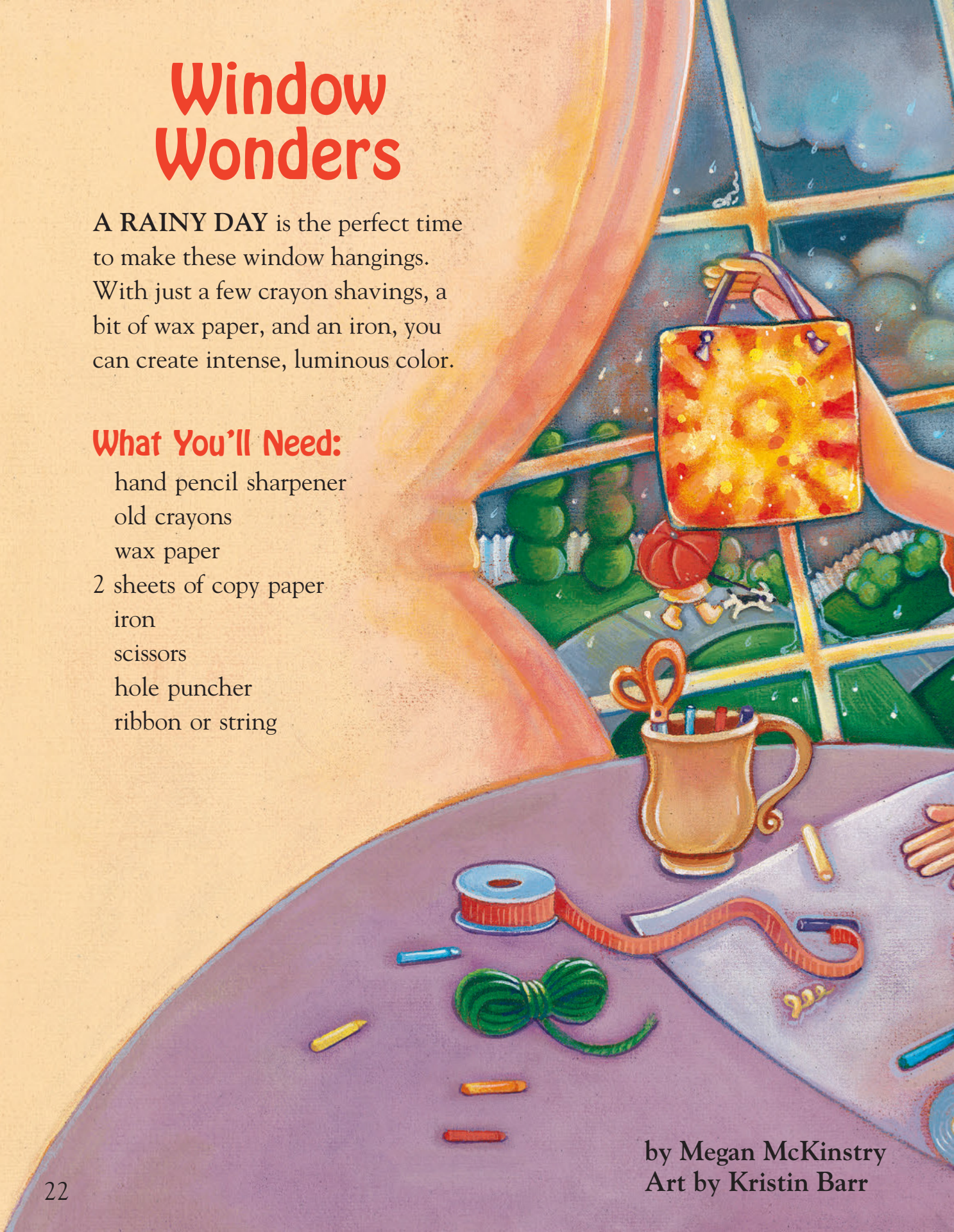


Window Wonders

A RAINY DAY is the perfect time to make these window hangings. With just a few crayon shavings, a bit of wax paper, and an iron, you can create intense, luminous color.

What You'll Need:

- hand pencil sharpener
- old crayons
- wax paper
- 2 sheets of copy paper
- iron
- scissors
- hole puncher
- ribbon or string





What to Do:

1. Choose a few crayons in your favorite colors and sharpen them with the pencil sharpener onto a sheet of wax paper. You should end up with a nice pile of colorful shavings.
2. Arrange the shavings on the wax paper in your own design. Then cover the shavings with another sheet of wax paper.
3. Place the wax paper and shavings between the pieces of copy paper.
4. Have an adult help you iron. Put the iron on a low setting and run it back and forth over the copy paper a few times until the crayon shavings are fully melted.
5. After the wax paper cools, cut it into squares, circles, triangles, or other shapes. For each window hanging, punch one or two holes near the top, thread a short length of ribbon or string through, and tie a knot.

Hang your masterpieces in a window where the sun will shine through when it decides to come out again!

Rain Shower

by Jenna Waldman

Art by Spring Nguyen

I didn't wash my hair today,
I haven't scrubbed my face.

My feet are full of mud today,
from a barefoot backyard race.

I didn't clean my nails today,
my elbow's stained with ink.

My hands are full of paint today,
but I don't need the sink.

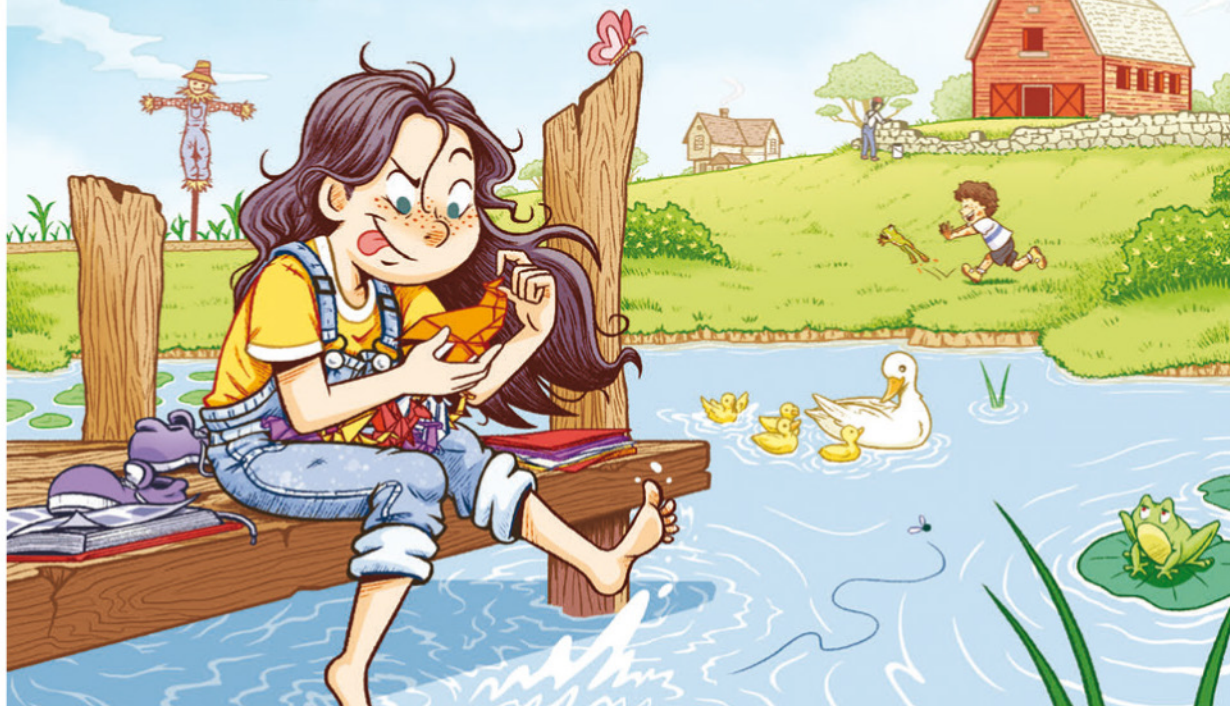
The sky is full of clouds today,
and in about an hour . . .

I'll be fresh and clean today,
in nature's soppy shower.

text © 2023 by Jenna Waldman, art © 2023 by Spring Nguyen



Paper Princess



THE STORM SWEPT low across the Iowa farmland like a black dragon with enormous wings. Lightning crackled from the storm's mouth, scorching the air and spreading fire across the cornfields. Sparks and ash swirled. Then the storm raced toward the nearest farm, twenty miles away.

Meanwhile—on that farm—the skies were still clear and calm. Ellie sat at the end of a rickety wooden dock with her bare toes dangling in the water. She concentrated, tongue between teeth. A wisp of black hair fell into her face, ignored. One sneaker flattened the glossy pages of her origami book. She studied the diagram and compared it to the paper shape in her hand. She tucked a corner down, then glanced around, with hope.

Will you be able to hook Bill up to the air machine?

Hmm... here's an old diagram — drawing or chart that shows the parts of something or how something works.

by Jeanne Panek
Art by Rossnelly Salazar

text © 2023 by Jeanne Panek, art © 2023 by Rossnelly Salazar



Ugh. She was *still* on a farm. Dad, fixing the barn's stone walls, wasn't a king yet. That wasn't his crown, just his faded work cap. Those were ducks on the pond, not swans.

One last fold and she wouldn't be stuck here anymore.

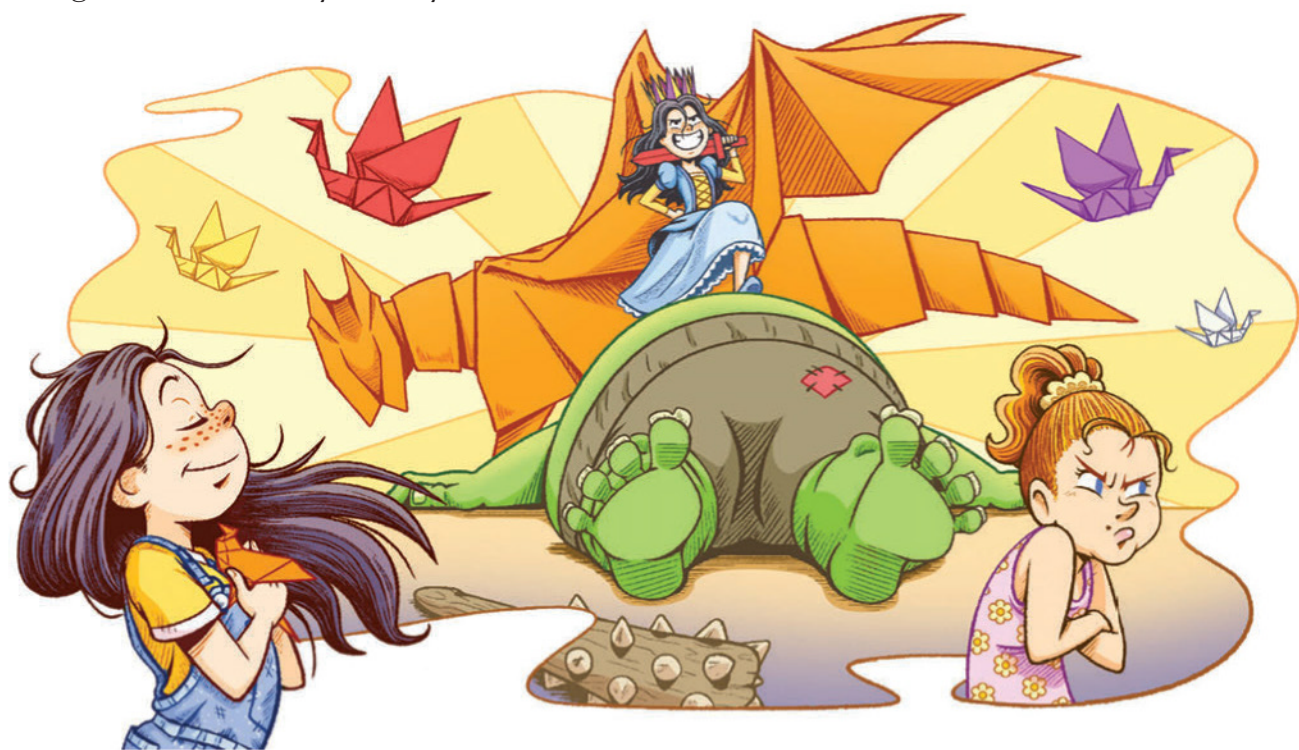
Dad complained she read too much fantasy garbage. "Git yer nose out of those books, and live in the real world."

But Ellie wanted quests. All she got was chores. She longed to fight ogres, but her only enemy was Sandra

DuPont, who'd called Ellie a "hick" at the beginning of third grade.

"I'm not a hick. I'm a princess in disguise."

Fantastical Origami, there on page 24, promised that when she finished the book's final project, all her origami figures would come to life, including the crown, the sword, the swans, and the dragons. *But only if your imagination is strong enough*, the book had said. Yes! Ellie's imagination was so strong she could almost touch her dreams. She'd be a



Bill, if the hose is a hassle,
we can buddy breathe.

Speak for yourself, Sam. I ain't
sharing my air with no buddy.





real princess, with enough courage to stand up to anything—even Sandra DuPont.

She'd been folding for a week.

Ellie glanced skyward. Perfect paper-folding weather, clear and firecracker dry. Supposedly she was watching her little brother, Nathan. She could hear him, within easy-peasy hollering distance, chasing bullfrogs.

A sudden breeze tugged at the stack of origami sheets. She pinned them down with her other sneaker

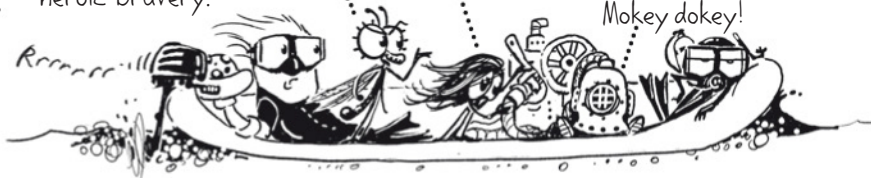
and then paused to admire their vivid colors. Purple like a velvet ribbon. Red like a sundae cherry. The sheet in her hand was her favorite: flame orange, the color of valor.

This last project was complicated, seven origami dragons. Ellie had worked all afternoon to make six. She was painstakingly folding the seventh. The paper dragons rustled in a delicate pile in her lap. She kept glancing down, savoring the rainbow of colors lying against the denim of her overalls.

Spider! Facing the unknown for science.....
calls for valor — heroic bravery.

Don't worry, Bill. You'll be savoring — really enjoying —
fresh air, instead of stale air from a can.

Mokey dokey!



One last fold—

“Here ya go, Princess!” Nathan squeaked with excitement behind her. The boards shuddered as he galloped down the dock. “A frog for you to kiss!”



Ellie looked up. Dripping with slimy mud and heaving with fear, a huge bullfrog squirted out of Nathan’s hands, soared over Ellie’s shoulder, and somersaulted into her lap, landing with a loud paper crunch. She yelped. The bullfrog flopped and then leaped spread-eagled into the pond.

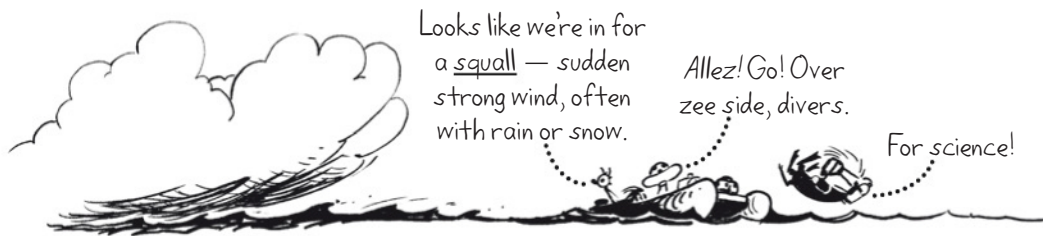
Ellie stared wide-eyed at the lumps of soggy paper in her lap. All that work! She jumped to her feet. “Nathan, you turd!” she shrieked.

But he was already gone. He hid fast when he had to.

Ellie raged. “Nathan! I’m gonna get you bad!”

In answer, thunder boomed. The dock shook. Sudden black clouds billowed overhead, blocking out the sun. The storm had arrived. Wind slammed into Ellie. It tore at her, swirling. She was too angry to be afraid. Was this courage?

A squall sucked her beautiful origami sheets up and away. Ellie jumped for them, screaming. Lightning streaked across the clouds. She



Looks like we’re in for a squall — sudden strong wind, often with rain or snow.

Allez! Go! Over zee side, divers.

For science!



braced with brave fury, challenging the lightning. She stretched skyward, a mage inside a whirling spiral of silver, gold, and orange flashing squares.

Suddenly Ellie's hair sprang out in all directions, crackling with electricity. She knew that meant lightning would strike soon. Her courage popped like a bubble. She cringed, trying to flatten her hair. She fled off the dock, leaving everything behind: her book, her sneakers, and—She spun around.

Where was Nathan?

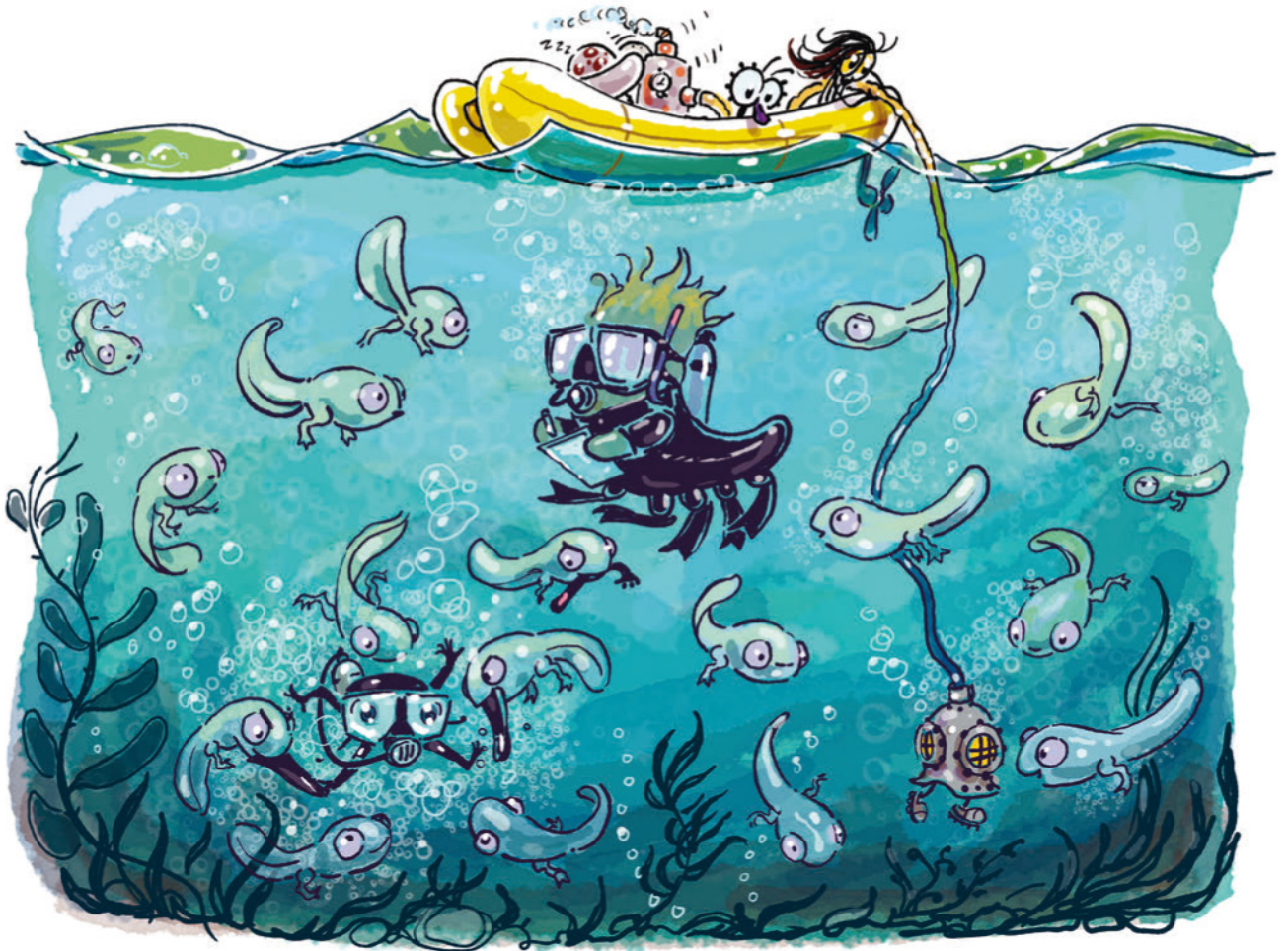
She trembled, wanting more than anything to keep running. Nathan was the worst. He'd ruined everything. He could stay here. It'd serve him right.

A terrified rabbit sprinted past, fleeing the storm.

Something sharp jabbed Ellie's hand. She opened her fingers. The origami figure lay on her palm, crumpled but very much a dragon. She stared at it for a long, orange second.



Real courage wasn't made of paper. Princess, he'd called her, and she'd almost left him. She found Nathan hugging his knees under a honeysuckle shrub. Her heart pounded, but she pretended to be calm. She wrapped her arms around her brother. "C'mon, Prince." She kissed the top of his head. "We gotta get you safe into the castle." 🕷️



Under the Edge of a Rain Cloud

by JoAnn Early Macken

Art by Merry Miller-Gass

Under the edge of a rain cloud
is where I would like to stand,
to feel the raindrops splattering
on just one hand.

Under the edge of a rain cloud,
that's right where I want to be,
where rainfall draws a line down
the middle of me.

Under the edge of a rain cloud,
I'd be peering up at the sky
with one side drenched and dripping
and one side dry.

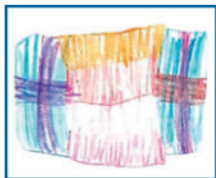
text © 2023 by JoAnn Early Macken, art © 2023 by Merry Miller-Gass



Quilt

Grace W., age 6
Muncie, Indiana

I am a quilt
as happy as can be.
There is no other quilt
that's exactly like me.



David W., age 6
Champaign, Illinois

Monkey and Quilt

Once a monkey tried
To fly in the air,
But he fell so fast
That he did not dare.
He used a quilt as a parachute,
And off he went with a blast.

Valerie, age 11
Palm Beach Gardens, Florida

Stripes,
Spots,
Plaid,
Hearts,
Squiggles,
Zigzags,
Floral.
Grandma quilts
by the fireplace.

Kayra Ashton, age 9
Santa Barbara, California

My Quilt Quilt

I once sewed a quilt.
This was because of some juice
I spilt
All over my mother's favorite blanket.

Isabel Susan Rajan, age 7
Avon, Ohio

My quilt is a lovely red.
I use it when I sleep in bed.
It keeps me warm and comfy, too.
It is also a beautiful blue.
My quilt was sewn and gently built.
Oh, how I love my two-colored quilt.

Adelaide E., age 8
Kennesaw, Georgia

The Quilt

The quilt is
filled with love.
The quilt is
to show love.
The quilt says
you mean something
to me.

Juliet L., age 7
Bay Village, Ohio

Quilts Are a Special Hug

Cozy, warm, and fluffy,
Warm my heart.
Made by Grandma,
A special hug.
Many colors,
Pink is my favorite.
Pretty patterns dancing,
Keeps you safe from the cold.

Leah V., age 7
Madison, Alabama

Lucy's Quilt

Lucy made a quilt
With fingers nimble and bright.
It had a patch of red
And one of blue and white.
She used it to snuggle
Happily at night.



Dear Everybuggy,

My brother Dane and I love your magazines.
Grandma gets them, but we like to read them.
We especially love Ophelia's recipes. They're a
lot of fun. Dane especially reads the comics at
the bottom of the pages.

Gwen Pitts, age 9
San Diego, California

Dear Spider,

Can you adopt my little bunny? Her
name is Laura. She eats lettuce and carrots
but not bugs.

Doxia Damu, age 6
Easton, Connecticut

Dear Everybuggy,

I love your magazine! I love the little comics
on the bottom. I really like the crafts as well.

Will you adopt Malifindor? She is a
rainbow turtle. She doesn't eat bugs! She eats
strawberry toaster pastries and most candy.
Don't feed her sour candy! Take her for a swim
every day, so she stays fit. If she is a handful,
give her a pull of the tail. Hope you like her!

Isabelle Edmison, age 9
Johnsonville, Illinois



Dear Thistle,

Can you adopt
Boo-Boo and Peeking? They are kitty
ghosts. They only eat ice-cream soup. If
it is too frozen, they act wild. What is your
favorite color? Mine is blue.

Valerie, age 11
Palm Beach Gardens, Florida

*Valerie, my favorite color is purple, but
blue is pretty, too. The kitty ghosts are terrific.*

*Love,
Thistle*

Dear Sam,

Please adopt Franklin the rainbow horse.
He eats blueberry muffins, peanuts, and hay.
What is your favorite color, food, and
movie? I like green, cheeseburgers,
and Harry Potter.

Charlotte, age 10
Cumming, Georgia



Dear Charlotte,

*We'll take good care of Franklin. I like
green, pickles, and Honey, I Shrank the Kids.*

*Your friend,
Sam*

Clara Dews, age 9
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

My Quilt

My quilt, my quilt,
what a wonderful quilt.
It's soft and fluffy,
cozy and warm.
It's patched and colored,
tarnished and torn.
It covers me
from head to feet,
And at last nighttime
feels so sweet!



Suraj M., age 6
Westlake, Ohio

Quilts

Quaint
Unique
Interesting
Lovely
Thick
Soft

Ailey Grace Cornelius, age 9
Richland, Washington

Quilt Blocks

Mother, come look at what I built!
With my quilt blocks, I made a quilt.
Blue and yellow, red and white,
Some blocks have dots like stars at night.
Red and blue, white and green,
Some blocks have stripes that are like a dream.
It's for my little brother's bed.
I hope he has good dreams while he rests his head.

Spider's

Contest Rules

Draw a picture of a powerful storm.

1. Your entry must be signed by a parent or legal guardian, authorizing its publication in print and/or online and saying it's your own idea.
2. Be sure to include your complete name, age, and address.
3. Your entry must arrive by April 25, 2023. We will publish our favorites in the September 2023 issue of *Spider*.

Email your entry to spider@cricketmedia.com, or send it to Spider's Corner, P.O. Box 300, Peru, IL 61354.

Dear Everybuggy,

Hi! I love your magazines. They are AWESOME! My favorite books are Aru Shah, Harry Potter, and *A Pinch of Magic*. I'm typing a story called "The Old Scroll (Etc.)." By the way, I looove to bake. I also like baseball. Bye!

Clara Davis, age 7
East Helena, Montana

Hiya, Everybuggy!

Will you adopt Blip, Blorp, and Blowp? They are cute aliens! Blip is a baby cute alien. Blowp likes to cook. Blorp is . . . sort of a mystery.

I also am sending presents! Spider, you get a Bill-proof lock. Bill, you get a big crate of super bubblegum. (It never loses flavor!) Thistle, you get a teddy bear. Sonya, you get a magic wand. Sam, you get a flying car! Ophelia, you get a packet of seeds from a different universe! (My friend Sox gave it to me.) Araña, you get a really cool-looking dress. Enjoy your presents!

Brayden, age 10
Green Bay, Wisconsin

P.S. Miro, your present is a super cookbook.



Dear Sam,

I'm so happy to read all your magazines. You're my favorite buggie. Do you like science? I love science! When I grow up, I'd love to be a scientist. Also, I saw lots of stars and planets. My favorite color is blue.

Can you adopt Baby Jaws and Ruby? Baby Jaws is a shark, and he loves to eat veggies and fruit. The veggie he eats is carrots. The fruit he eats is dragon fruit. Ruby is a cat, and she eats salad, only raspberries and leaves. Ruby likes to hide in a box. Also, Ruby has babies.

Naom Childers, age 9
Herriman, Utah



Dear Naom,

I love science, too. It is wonderful that you plan to be a scientist. I bet you'll like "Counting Tadpoles" on page 10. It is about a scientist with an important mission to help the environment. Thanks for the cool animals.

Happy Earth Day!
Sam

Dear Thistle,

Will you please adopt Oonicorn? She eats rainbows and jellybeans.

Cora, age 7
Saint Paul, Minnesota



Dear Spider,

Can you please adopt this pet ducky? Favorite toy: Ducky's bath. Favorite food: crackers. This duck is a rainbow jewel tier, which will have a rainbow trail wherever it walks.

Victoria, age 9
via email



Dear Spider,

I have an adorable cat. Her name is Itty-Bitty Kittycorn! Will you adopt her?

Gemma Rose Pringle, age 6
Richfield, Minnesota



Send your letters to
Spider's Mailbox
P.O. Box 300
Peru, IL 61354



Please write your complete name, age, and address on your letter! You can also send us mail at spider@cricketmedia.com.

OPHELIA'S LAST WORD

Avoca-toad Toast

THIS GREEN GRUB is toad-ally tasty!

What You'll Need:



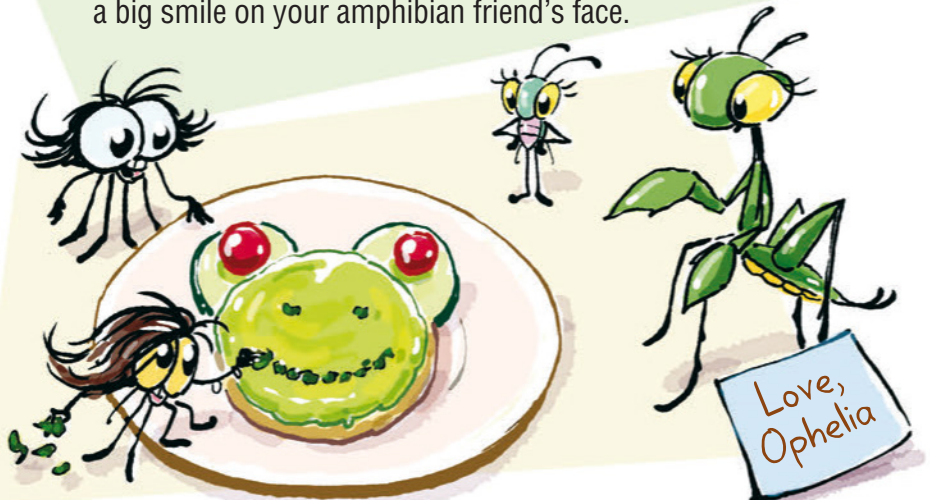
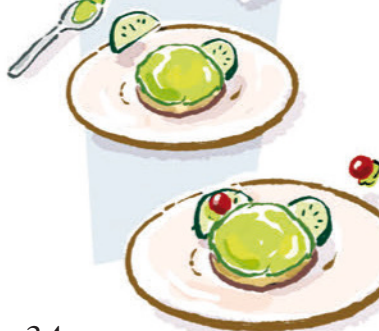
- 1 side of a sliced English muffin
- 1 avocado
- 1 lime
- sea salt
- garlic powder
- grated Parmesan cheese (dairy or vegan)

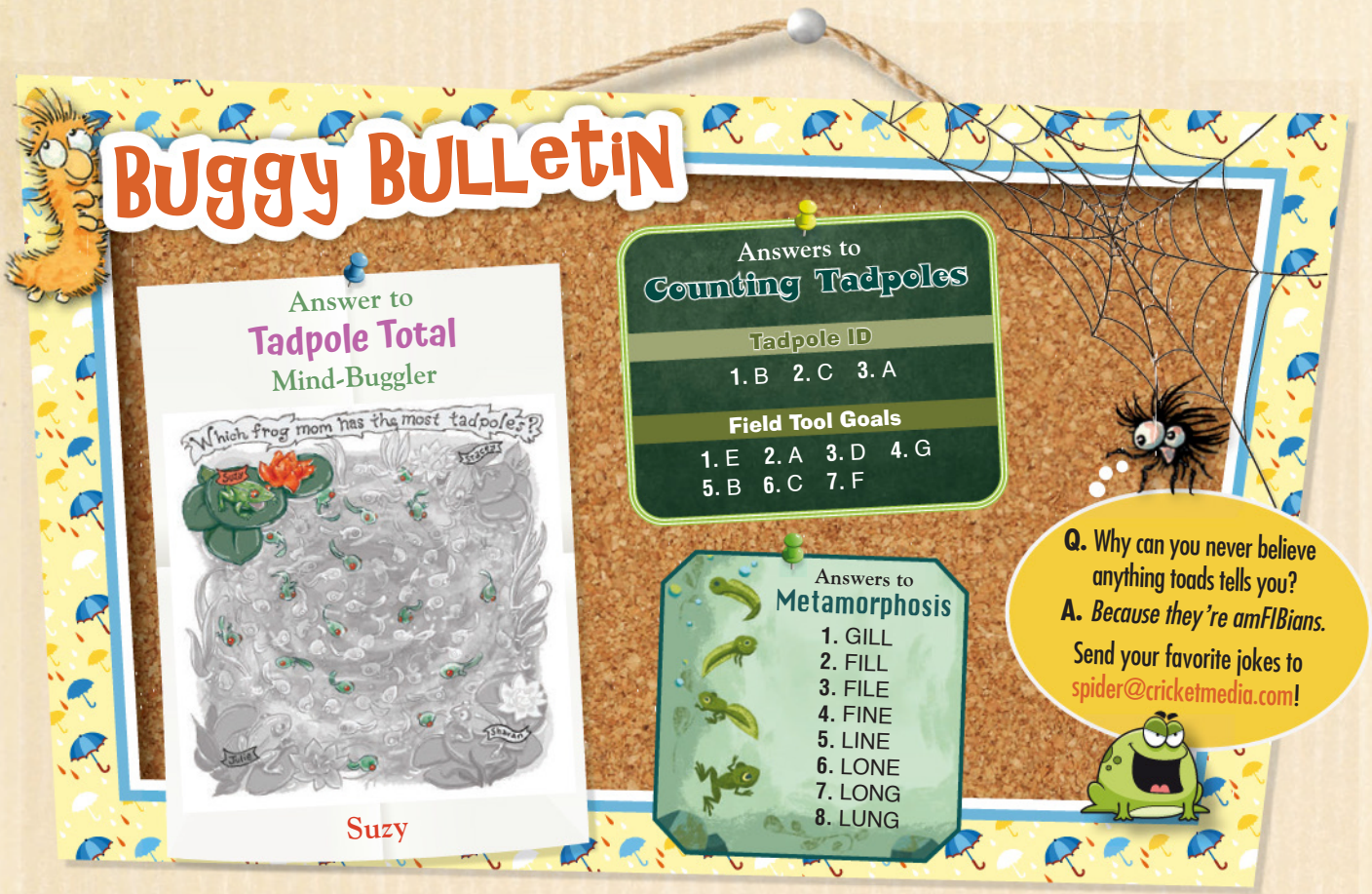
- 1 cucumber
 - 2 small cherry tomatoes
 - a few cilantro leaves
 - toaster
 - bowl and plate
 - spoon and fork
 - kitchen knife* and cutting board
- * Knife is for adult use only.



What to Do:

1. Ask a grownup to toast your English muffin.
2. Have the grownup cut the lime and the avocado in half. Remove the avocado pit. With a spoon, scoop the avocado flesh into a bowl. Squeeze in a little lime. Add a dash of sea salt and garlic powder. Shake on some Parmesan. Mix and mash with a fork.
3. Cover the warm English muffin with your green goop.
4. Have the grownup cut a single round slice from the cucumber and then cut that slice in half. Stick the straight sides of the two pieces to the top of the English muffin. Stick a cherry tomato to each, using a glob of goop.
5. Rip the cilantro into tiny pieces. Use them to make nostrils and a big smile on your amphibian friend's face.





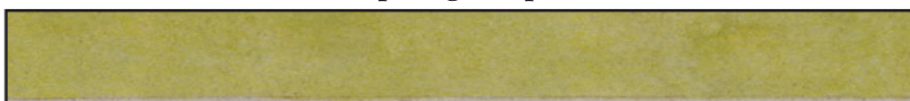
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Cricket

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spring strips



Spring into Spring!

Art by Kat Thacker

Send a friend or family member a flowery spring greeting with this colorful pop-up card!

What You'll Need:

scissors

glue

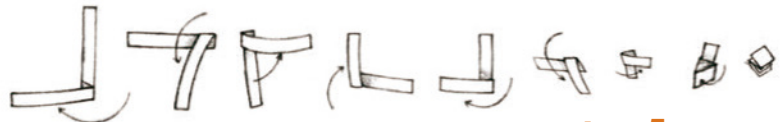
small photo of yourself (optional)

What to Do:

1. Cut out the card, flower, and strips along the solid lines.
2. Place a dot of glue at an end of one of the strips. Lay one end of the other strip on the glue at a right angle to the first strip to make an L shape. Allow the glue to dry.
3. Fold the card in half so the umbrellas are on the outside.
4. If you wish, glue a small photo of yourself to the center of the flower.
5. Place your L flat on the table. Fold the strip on the right to the left. Fold the other strip down. Fold the left strip to the right. Fold the other strip up. Continue folding until you have a spring. Glue the top flap down, and cut off any extra paper.
6. Pull your paper spring out slightly. Place glue on one end, and attach it to the back of the flower, as marked. Place glue on the other end, and attach it to the card, as marked.



step 2



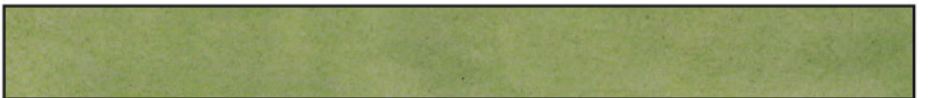
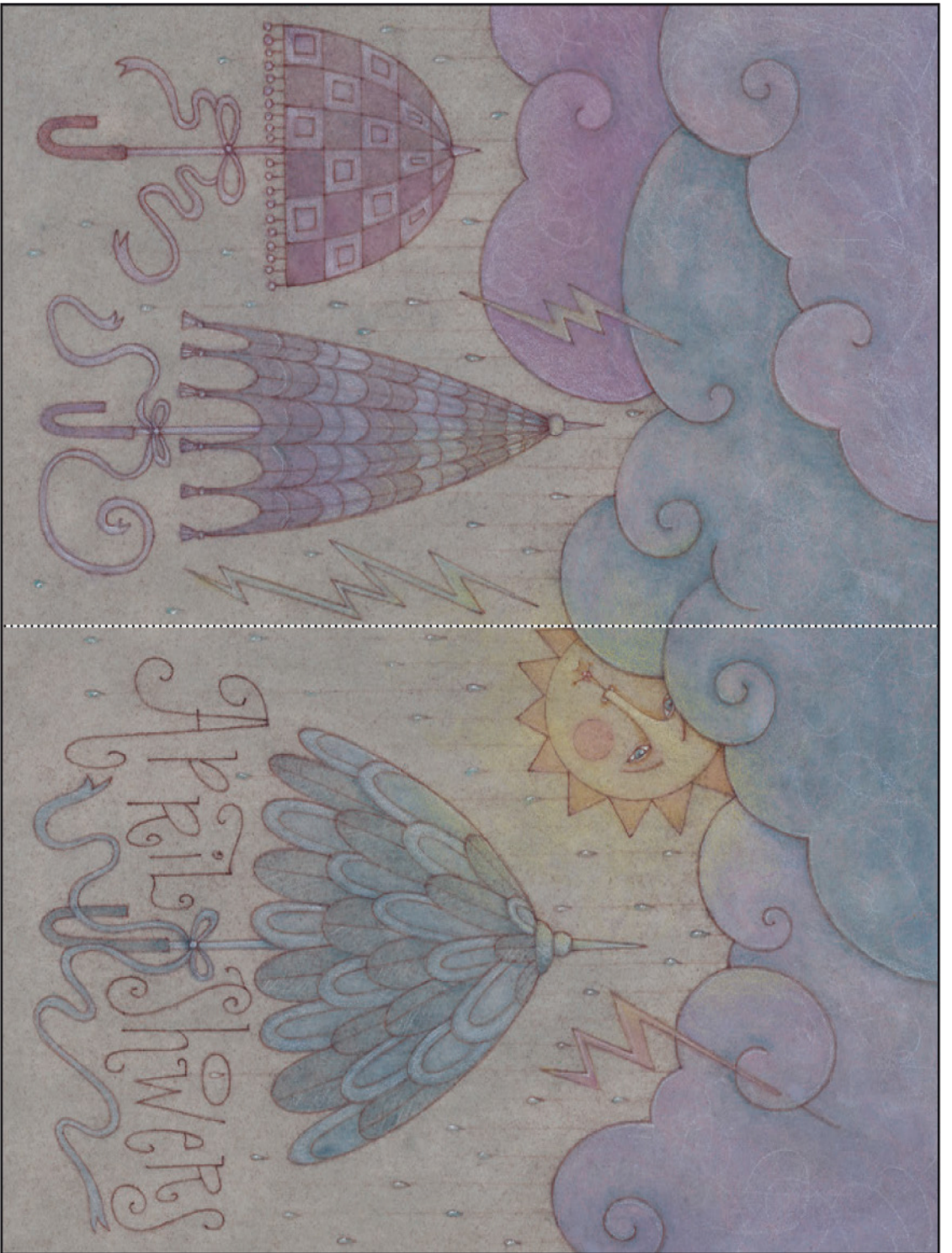
step 5



step 6



attach
spring



Tadpole Total

Carefully count all the tadpoles with red eyes. Continue with pink, purple, and yellow. Then by matching their eye colors, name the frog with the most wiggly, squiggly, squirmy babies.

SoNya's
Mind-Bugger



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Which frog mom has the most tadpoles?



by Michael Chesworth
text and art © 2023 by Michael Chesworth

Answer on page 35